



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

8/1988 *IV*

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Primary block I II III IV

I STD TO IV STD

Here's a riddle, little ones:

I grew up in the Jungle... Once
You've got my name, come out,
Jog along and then work out!



Sindbad, a wealthy citizen of Baghdad, set out on a seafaring voyage, where he had his share of high adventures. He had been to the Fish-Island, to the City of Apes, and had lived in the village where all the men could grow wings.... In the end, he felt homesick, hired a ship and started back to Baghdad.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

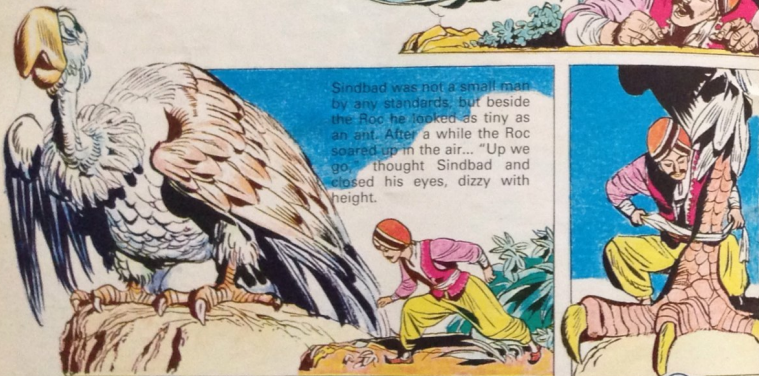
Based on Arabian tales about the travels of Sindbad
Illustrated by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO
Continued from Nos. 6, 7

Now, his fellow-travellers were jealous of his riches and decided to rob Sindbad. They left him on a desert island. Sindbad wandered about the island in search of people.

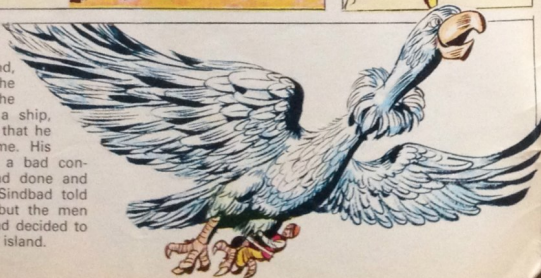


When Sindbad looked up he saw a huge bird that was blocking out the sun. It was the Roc Bird! It dropped down on the white "dome" which was none other than its huge egg. Soon the bird was fast asleep... Sindbad unrolled his turban and tied the end to the bird's leg.

Sindbad was not a small man by any standards, but beside the Roc he looked as tiny as an ant. After a while the Roc soared up in the air... "Up we go," thought Sindbad and closed his eyes, dizzy with height.



When the Roc was down again, the Sailor quietly untied the turban and was off. Was that another desert island, now? Sindbad walked by the shore to explore. Suddenly he saw a ship. It wasn't just a ship, though, it was the very ship that he had hired to take him home. His greedy fellow-travellers had a bad conscience about what they had done and promptly had him aboard. Sindbad told them about his adventure, but the men wouldn't believe him. Sindbad decided to take them back to the Roc's island.



In utter desperation, he climbed a big palm to get a better view... Wait a minute... What was that white dome-like thing in the distance? "Must be a palace," thought the desperate man and made his way towards it. Suddenly everything became dark.



...And flung it at the ship with all its might, smashing it into tiny bits. Luckily, Sindbad caught hold of a piece of the mast which kept him afloat.



When they got there, it was almost dark. As soon as Sindbad opened his eyes in the morning he saw the men breaking the egg. "Stop this minute, I tell you!" yelled the Sailor, but it was too late. Zoom! Cluck! Bang! The men dashed for the ship, but the Roc was faster. It broke off a huge bit of the rock...



After three days in the open sea Sindbad saw a sail in the distance. The boat picked up the shipwrecked Sailor, and what's more, it was heading towards his city of Baghdad. Soon the fearless adventurer was back home.

HOW? WHY? WHAT?

WHERE DOES TIME GO?

This question had been worrying Kostia for quite a while. Once, when he was alone in the house, he took out Grandpa's fob watch out of a drawer and pressed the button. The lid sprang up like a jack-in-the-box and gave Kostia such a start that he dropped the watch on the floor. When he picked it up and put it to his ear, sure enough, there was no ticking. Kostia promptly put the unfortunate watch back into its drawer and hoped that perhaps, when Grandpa was back, the watch would start telling the time again, as usual. "Probably," thought the boy, "I just don't know what starts it."

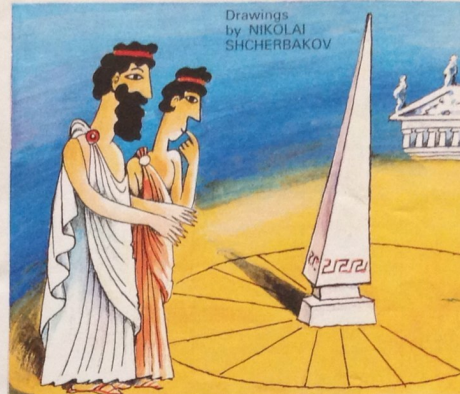
But the watch was silent in Grandpa's hands too. "Actually, it was me that stopped Time, Gramps," confessed Kostia. "I wonder, where Time goes?"

"It's not Time you've stopped, but the watch. But there's nothing much to worry about, we'll take it to the maker's and he'll fix it for us. The question about Time is, I think, much more important. Why don't we look for Time together, what do you say? First we could make a sundial, for example."

While Kostia and his friends



Photograph by VLADIMIR LAGRANZH



Drawings by NIKOLAI SCHERBAKOV

were working outside in the garden—they had to clear a place, mark out a circle and put in a stick in the centre—they listened to Grandpa's story about how people learnt to tell the time.

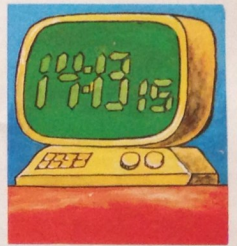
In the days of old people



noticed that night came after day, summer after spring and winter after autumn, and that the Sun replaced the Moon in the sky at fairly regular intervals. Soon they learnt to divide the time into parts: the interval from one winter to another was a Year, from one sunrise to

another—a Day. Next they split up the days in even smaller bits and called them Hours. When the Sun is at its highest in the sky, and the shadow on the sundial is the shortest, it is midday, or noon. When the Sun goes down, the shadow gets longer and longer and, what's more, it moves round the dial. This gave people an idea: why not divide the dial into twelve parts and mark the points of the shadow? When it moves from one mark on to the next, it is an hour later.

"People can tell time not only by the Sun, but by planets and stars," Grandpa went on. "To know exactly what time it was they started to invent clocks



and watches. First, there were water clocks, then hourglasses, and only then mechanical timepieces. Today watches show hours, minutes and seconds. The latest in watches is the quartz model, known for its high precision. It gets only a second slow or fast in thirty years! The most precise timepieces are atomic ones. But even those have to be put right sometimes."

"Then, Time doesn't really go anywhere, does it?" said the kids.

"No, of course, it doesn't," said Grandpa. ALEXANDER GEN

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL



Bulgaria has started producing "aromatic records". When you put one on and the music starts, the room fills with some relevant scent—that of a pine forest, or a bunch of lilac, or an apple orchard, for example.



For a long time it was believed that sharks are hard of hearing and almost blind. The recent experiments, however, have quite disproved these myths: sharks are very sensitive to sound and can see beautifully even in the dark.



Finnish designers have come up with a car that uses just 0.166 litres (under a glassful) of petrol for every hundred kilometres!



Leningrad engineers designed an electronic thermometer. Shaped like a little pocket diary, the clever gadget takes seconds to tell the temperature.



ANIMAL CORNER

WATCH OUT, UNWARY ONES!

Have you ever heard of Doflein's Octopus? A real ocean monster, if ever there was one (see photograph)! One of the biggest in the world, it can sometimes grow to three metres in size. Its home is the Sea of Japan. The octopus does not much care for warm water, so it is only found in the cold and darkish ocean deeps. It makes its home in some grotto, under a stone, where it dozes off during the day, after the night's hunt. It always remembers to stick out a couple of tentacles, though, to scare everybody away so as not to be disturbed during its slumbers. An unwary skindiver, who ventures too close for the octopus's comfort, runs a serious risk of being snatched by the tentacles and given a bit of a fright. After a short show of strength, the monster would usually let the victim go. Playing with the local fish, is, however, out of the question. But since fish are not very common in those depths, the octopus's staple

diet is various shellfish and molluscs. This is where the hooked beak comes in—to break the hard shells.

On a hunt, the octopus would walk along the ocean floor, looking out for the shellfish. If something scares him, the monster will promptly spurt out a cloud of inky liquid, a perfect "smokescreen" for a getaway, which he makes on the model of a jet-engine: first the octopus sucks in some water and then sends back a powerful jet, which propels it at great speeds. The tentacled monsters are very clever and tameable. Octopus Motia, who spent many long years in the Moscow Zoo, was always up to his tricks: he would pop out a tentacle, snatch somebody's hand and then send a bucketful of cold water into his unsuspecting "victim's" sleeve. His whole outlook at those moments was that of a happy naughty boy.

Text and photograph by VLADIMIR KASHO

8



RIDDLES

LEV KULIKOV

*Look, the Moon is sailing past,
Shedding lots of silver dust.
Night goes by,
The Golden Ray
Comes and sweeps
The dust away.*

[Dew]

Drawing
by DMITRY
BARABASH

TIMOFEI BELOZEROV

*Heaving their fleece of foam,
Little sheep hurry home.
Now they step onto the shore,
Sigh and die,
They're no more.*

(Crests of waves)

9

THE SECRET OF THE BLUE SEAGULL

Based on the science fiction stories by KIR BULICHEV
Drawings by ANATOLY DUBOVIK

Continued from No. 7

Alisa, an eight-year-old schoolgirl, was allowed to join a space mission to rescue a missing ship called the Blue Seagull. On one of the planets the rescue crew saved some robots from imminent destruction at the hands of the mysterious fat man in sun glasses. He tried to interfere with the rescue mission by giving Alisa an electronic spy-turtle which smashed the flower-movie cameras—the crew's only clue to the Blue Seagull mystery.

Now for the field with the mirrow flowers! They got into the graviplane. Wait a minute... Somebody's been at these flowers, they are all smashed to smithereens. We went on our hands and knees trying to find at least one unbroken flower, when suddenly...



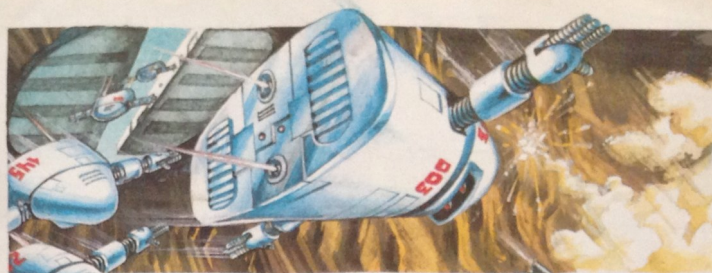
...the ground gave under and we went down some deep hole! When we came to, it was dark. Where were we? Suddenly the lights came on and we

found ourselves on the bottom of a huge cave facing the fat man and his armed gang.

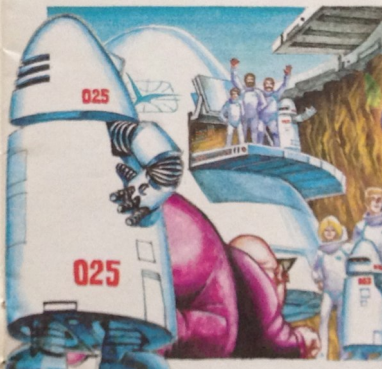
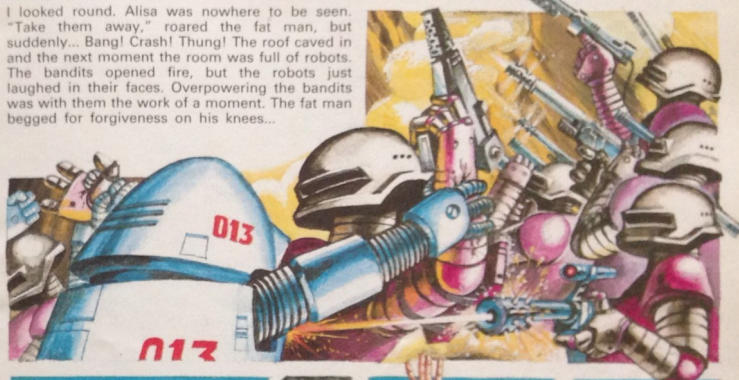


"Gotcha!" said the fat man with a sinister grin. The missing Blue Seagull was also there, captured by the gang. "Now I have enough hostages to rule the whole Galaxy!"

10



I looked round. Alisa was nowhere to be seen. "Take them away," roared the fat man, but suddenly... Bang! Crash! Thung! The roof caved in and the next moment the room was full of robots. The bandits opened fire, but the robots just laughed in their faces. Overpowering the bandits was with them the work of a moment. The fat man begged for forgiveness on his knees...

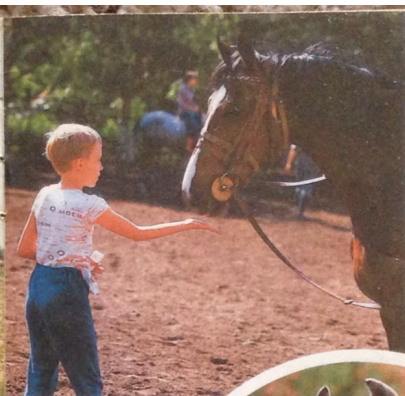


The Blue Seagull's crew got out of the ship and joined us. The brave men had held off the bandits' attacks for over a year! And there was Alisa! She'd been in the plane all that time. "I thought it might be an idea to take the robots along, just in case."

"One good turn deserves another," nodded the robots. Alisa decided to go home in the rescued Blue Seagull. Wasn't she just bursting with wonderful stories for her classmates back home!

11

CARE FOR A RIDE?



Photographs by YURI LUNKOV

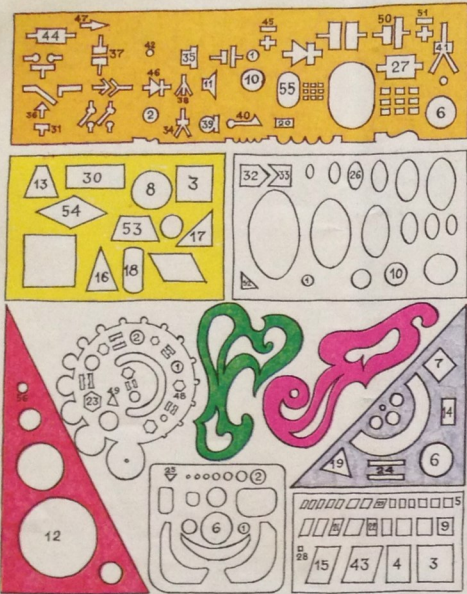


Surely, you must've ridden the small horses in the zoo. They are called ponies and in the zoo kids ride them in little buggies. Unlike the buggy-riding, children in the Bitsa school in Moscow ride their ponies for real, on horseback. The clever little horses are very good-tempered and the kids never have any trouble with them. But even if you make a mistake and fall down, it's not such a big deal, for ponies are rather shorter than horses.

When the kids are good enough at riding, posting and looking after their hoofed friends, they go on to riding the bigger horses. But they never forget their ponies: they often come back and bring them little gifts. The little ponies are their true friends now.

NINA GROZOVA



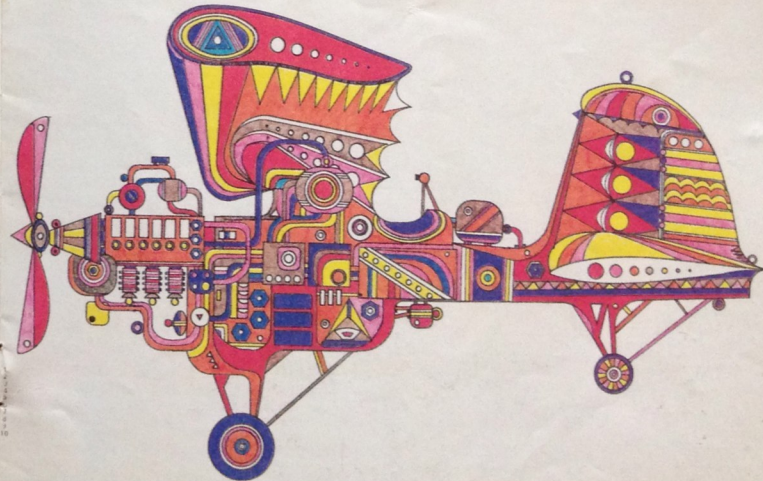
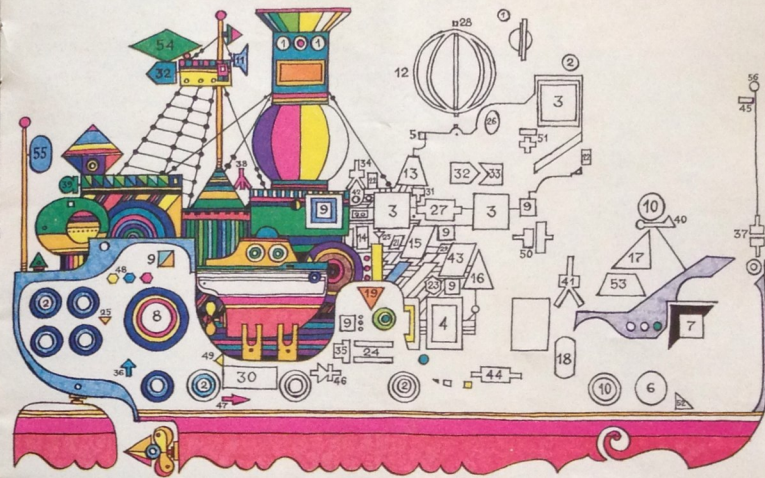


Legend has it that Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian artist and savant who lived about five hundred years ago, once took a stick of charcoal and without even using a pair of compasses drew a perfect circle on a sheet of paper and exclaimed: "Why, this is simple!"

Would you like to acquire the kind of dexterity the great Leonardo had? You don't think it's possible? Well, try using a stencil. You, too, will be able to draw a perfect circle without the aid of a pair of compasses. Or maybe you'll want to draw an oval. Or a triangle. Or perhaps a square. Jeepers, you can create all sorts of fun things! Take a look at the boat and plane that Alexander and Valeria Safonov dreamed up! There's no end to the number of things you can draw with stencils. Just let your imagination run free.



FUN WITH STENCILS





MISHA's Picture Gallery.
Fairy-Tale Characters
Artist Levon Khachatryan
drew this illustration using characters
from the Grimm Brothers' fairy-tales.
Can you tell which ones?
See p. 18 for answer.



Trying to count how many fairy-tales there are in the world is like trying to count the stars! But famous fairy-tale writers are easy to count. There's Charles Perrault, Hans Christian Andersen. And, of course, the Grimm Brothers. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm recorded German folk-tales their whole lives. Many of these tales are beloved by children of countries around the world.

Did you take a good look at the picture? Remember all the characters that are depicted in it? Check yourself. Of course, Cinderella is an easy one. She's right next to her beautiful slipper. You probably got Tom Thumb right away, too. He managed to free his parents from need. You don't have to be big to be brave!

And who are those two little children strolling along the path? You guessed it—Hänsel and Gretel. Daring and resourcefulness helped them escape the clutches of the wicked old witch and make their way out of the deep, dark forest. And there's the evil dwarf from Snow White guarding his treasure. He's always latching onto something with that long beard of his! Not far off is the quick-witted soldier from "The Little Blue Candle". And down in the corner is the Golden Goose. Just touch this goose and you won't be able to let go. That's why the townsfolk had to go to the King's castle in one long file.

Did you do well? Good for you!



"At the Market". SANDEEP GOYAL, India
"The Flight". CARA COSMIN, Romania



WHICH ONE'S THE BEST?

This issue of "Misha" includes four illustrated stories: "The Secret of the Blue Seagull", "The Kind-Hearted Wood-cutter", "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Just You Wait!"

Which of them did you like best? Write No. 1 next to it. This'll mean you think it deserves first place. Then write 2, 3 and 4 next to the other stories. Send us a letter and tell us what you liked about each of these stories—the pictures or the text?

Thanks to all who answer.

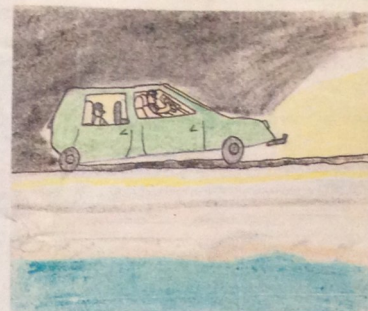
We'd love to get more drawings, stories, riddles and photographs from you.



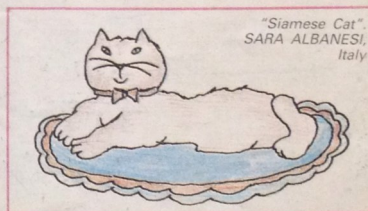
MISHA'S MAILBAG

Children's Illustrated Monthly.
Editorial Office:
8, Ulitsa Moskvina,
Moscow, 103772, USSR

"Forest Scene",
ANDREI KRIUKOV,
USSR



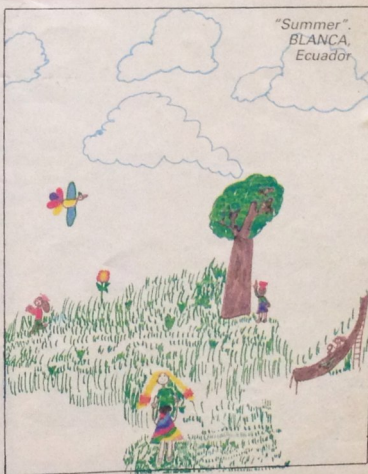
"I drew this while I was taking a trip. It's called 'Dawn'" PABLO ANTONIO CRUZ, Nicaragua



"Siamese Cat",
SARA ALBANESI,
Italy



"Athens",
TAMARA KAZANTZIDOU,
Greece



"Summer",
BLANCA,
Ecuador



In order to make this funny caterpillar with balloons you have to know one secret. Look at the picture to find out what it is.



INFLATABLE DOLLS

This little girl's name is Polina. She's five years old. And her fun-loving friends are only three days old, even though they look like grown-ups.

Let me explain. Polina caught a cold and the doctor ordered her not to go outside. Polina began to feel sad without play-mates. So I took ordinary balloons, coloured paper and glue, and made these little dolls for my daughter.

It's quite simple. The main thing is getting the balloons to stick to each other. To do this attach

a string to the tip of the balloon before inflating it. Then blow it up and tie a string around the opening. Now you have a balloon with strings on both ends. This will allow you to connect the balloons. Cut out the eyes, ears and noses from the coloured paper and glue them directly onto the rubber. Then think up of some amusing clothes for the little play-mates.

Designed by TATIANA KISELEVA



АБВГДЕЁЖЗИЙКЛМНОП
РСТУФХЦЧШЩЪЫЬЭЮЯ

GOOD AFTERNOON!

Read this fairy-tale. The large drawing and small drawing-pointers will help you solve the cross-word puzzle.

READY TO FIGHT

Based on a fairy-tale by IRINA YAKOVLEVA

Once a huge shaggy CLOUD (облако, óblaka) was drifting boastfully across the sky and met another cloud.

"Hi! Get out of my way!" he shouted. "You go away!" the other cloud became angry. "Oh! Just you wait!" threatened the first cloud and shoved his foe.

"You are spoiling for a fight!" the second cloud got into a rage, blackened and turned into a STORM-CLOUD (туча, túch'a).

The first one also grew dark, frowned and became another storm-cloud.

The two giants collided so ferociously that they saw stars. People in the streets threw back their heads and said:

"Well, this is a LIGHTNING (молния, mólni:ya)! There is THUNDER (гром, grom)! It'll be a THUNDERSTORM (гроза, gróza)."

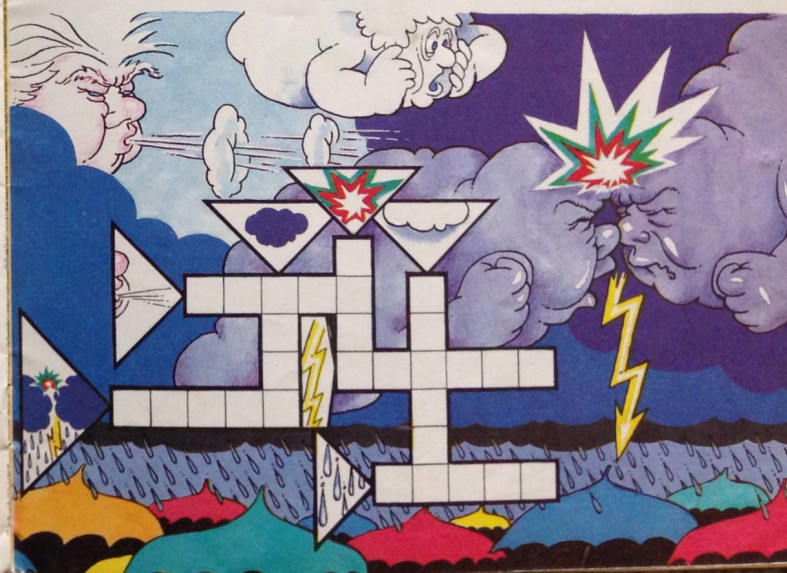
Indeed, in a moment the two angry giants burst into tears.

"RAIN (дождь, dosht')! It's raining!" people laughed putting up their umbrellas. And the storm-clouds couldn't stop crying.

"Look, they are melting away," the people said, "soon they'll vanish."

Perhaps it would be so but for the WIND (ветер, v'eti:r) which drove the fighters far away. By now they were no longer the huge storm-clouds, but turned into small white clouds.

Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMOV



THE KIND-HEARTED WOOD-CUTTER



One day a wood-cutter was about to chop down an oak tree with his axe when he heard: "Stop! My acorns are still not ripe." So the wood-cutter went up to a bird cherry tree. "Past!" whispered the tree, "there's a nightingale singing in my branches, if

I die, she'll fly away." So he went up to a pine tree. "Spare me," said the tree, "the spruce and I are green in summer and in winter. We give joy to all. Without us a forest just isn't a forest."



The wood-cutter felt sorry for the trees, turned away and beheld an old man in a birch-bark shirt and pine-bark coat holding a golden wand. "I am the forest's father and want to thank you for spar-

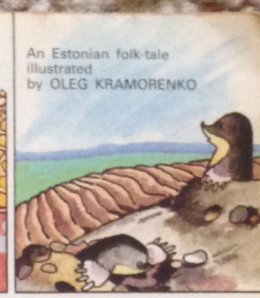
ing my children. This wand will grant any wish you might have. Only do not demand too much of it or you will meet with misfortune."



The wood-cutter waved the wand at an anthill three times and said: "Build me a barn!" Then he returned home and went to bed. The next morning



he went outside and saw that the old man had not deceived him. The ants had replaced the old barn with a brand new one.



An Estonian folk-tale illustrated by OLEG KRAMORENKO

Now the spiders began to weave linen for the wood-cutter. The moles did the ploughing and the ants planted and harvested his crops. The trees

gave him sweet sap and the bees gave him honey. And the iron pot made his meals and set the table.



The offspring of the wood-cutter passed down the wand from generation to generation. And everyone was happy. But one day the wand fell into the

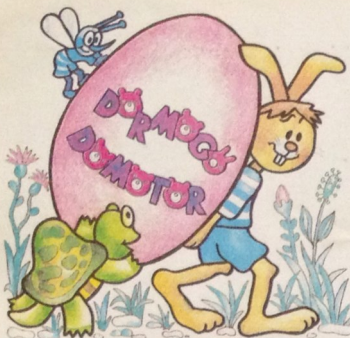
hands of a foolish man who demanded that the sun come down from the sky and warm his back.



The sun sent such hot rays to the earth that the whole farmstead burned down and the wand melted away completely. The trees grew so fright-

ened that they forgot how to talk. And they've been like that ever since.





VISITING FRIENDS

This funny picture is from the cover of the Hungarian magazine *Dörmögő Dömötör*, a good friend of Misha. Not long ago we visited our Hungarian friends in Budapest, the capital of Hungary. What did our friends talk about? Of course, about boys and girls and what they like to read in magazines. "Kids love to solve riddles and brain-teasers," said Misha. So *Dörmögő Dömötör* decided to give you two problems to solve. Here they are.



Can you tell which of the four figures was cut out of this piece of paper?

Help the bunny find everyone that hid in the bushes and branches of the trees. Then colour it all in.



There are many Hungarian girls and boys that read *Misha*. The members of the *Misha* club in Pécs couldn't wait to see *Misha*. "Hello! Hello!" they said to *Misha* when he arrived.

Then *Misha* went to the city of Kecskemét where the boys and girls took him to a toy museum and showed him what their moms and dads and grannies and grandpas used to play with when they were little. Many of the wonderful toys there were hand-made by master craftsmen.

The Kecskemét kids *Misha* met are also very skilled with their hands. They model with clay, draw and make different kinds of souvenirs from wool.

Then *Misha* went back to Budapest where he was met with a big surprise: a visit to the *Misha* Theatre! Two of the performers of the theatre, Erika Kremenicki and Szilvia Fodor wrote us a letter telling about *Misha's* visit. It's printed on the next page.



MISHA'S VISIT

We were so glad that *Misha* came to visit us. We had a little show all ready for him. When we put it on *Misha* clapped delightedly and said that it was wonderful and beautiful but that it was time for him to go. We asked him where he was off to and he said: "I've got to visit other children who want to see me." And off he went. We were very happy that *Misha* liked our show.



Souvenir photographs: Young master craftsmen from the city of Kecskemét

At the *Misha* Theatre. The theatre's emblem. Greetings to *Misha* readers.

"Here I am!" — *Dörmögő Dömötör*

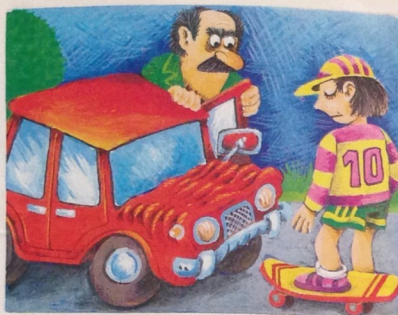




"Time to lose some weight!"



"Now that's an idea!"



MISHA'S LITTLE



TEASES

MISHA'S STADIUM

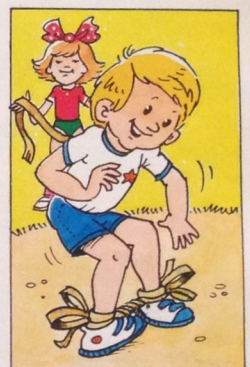
RUNNING TAKES SOME LEARNING TOO

"We are going to learn to run," said Misha. "But one day is not enough for anyone to learn to run. So we'll start by getting some exercise. And exercising is always more fun when you do it with friends. The first exercise should be done with at least five cubs...oops! I mean kids," laughed Misha.



Stand behind one another in a file and start to run. The one who's standing farthest in back has to run past the person farthest in front and become the leader. Once everyone has become the first in line you can all take a little rest.

Now we're going to try something new—running with our legs tied together! Take an elastic band and tie it around your legs to have some 20 to 25 cm between them. Then try running several metres. This is called the "bear walk".



For the next exercise you need to attach one end of the rubber band to a nail or hook at the bottom of a wall. Wrap the other end around one leg. Stand with your back to the wall and try to pull the tethered leg forward as far as you can.

Now take a little knapsack and fill it with four apples, a doll and a small blanket (put the blanket in the part of the knapsack that will be against your back). If there's a hill near your house try running up it with the knapsack. If there's no hill around run up some stairs.



"If you do these exercises every day eventually you'll outrun even me!" said Misha. "And we bears are quick on our feet, even though some of us weigh almost a ton. A bear can even outrun a wolf!"



Drawings by VICTOR TRINCHENKO



ALEXANDER KURLIANDSKY and ARKADY KHAIT Drawings by SVETOZAR RUSAKOV

Wolf almost caught Hare! Cornering him Wolf lit up a cigarette in jubilation. But then Hippo Fireman showed up: "Who's smoking here?!"

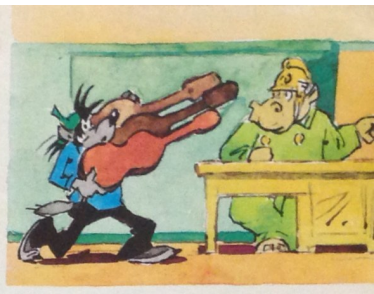


Hare escaped. He's nowhere to be found. Wolf opens one door after another. Not here! And in here is some singer wearing a wig.

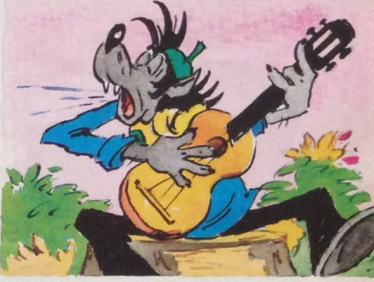
A door slammed. Who's that?! Why it's that same singer going down the corridor! That means Hare must have been in the room. Who else?



Wolf took off after Hare. He chased him right onto the stage. What was Hare to do? He began to sing. Wolf began to blow smoke at him.

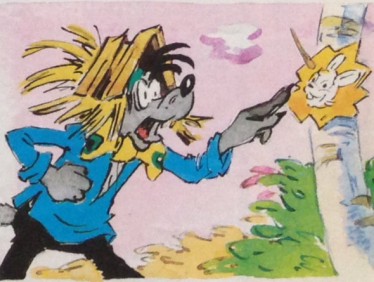


Wolf crept through the smoke towards Hare, grabbed him and put him in a guitar case. Then he walked calmly by Hippo.



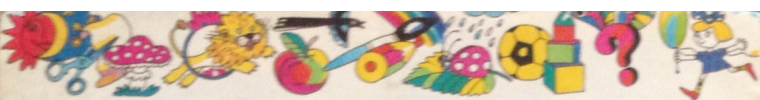
In come some movers. Crash! Wait a minute, which case is Hare in?!

Got away again! Wolf began to howl in anger.



Then he smashed the guitar against a tree. A bird-house toppled out of the tree...

...right onto Wolf. "OOH, JUST YOU WAIT!" muttered Wolf.



How many children are riding the merry-go-round?



Drawings by YELENA SADOVNIKOVA

Help the little girl on the tricycle get to the hill.



Who started painting first?

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